SOUPBOX

The OFFICAL guide to SOUPBOX's FIRST edition- ORGANIC SPACES

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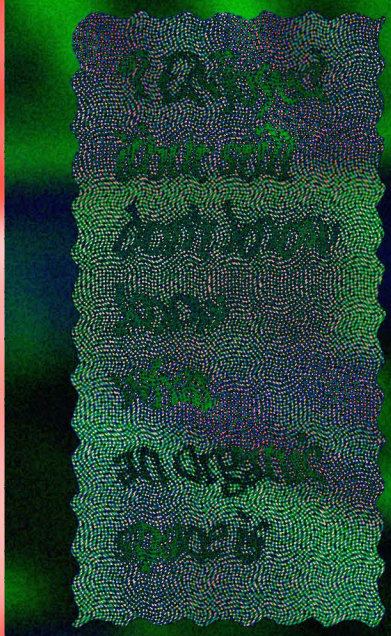

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SPACES

the table that inspired this zine i found on the side of the road, it just actually found it's way back into it's orignial home because of some college kids that were movingin while I was moving out

What is a SoupBox? A good question, as with the nature of the full scope of the project, we kind of made it up as we went. Currently,' what is means a collaborative process where a group of artists work together to flesh develop an idea. The point is that we start somewhere loosely defined and then somewhere with 'enough' meaning to say we have 'something'. The large goal of this zine is to get people, like you, interested in contributing to the hopefully proving we are creative 'enough' to warrant lending us your brain bits for whatever round two of this zine is. You could argue SoupBox is a way to a trial run, catalogue them, and also see artists exploring a subject they might be unfamiliar with.

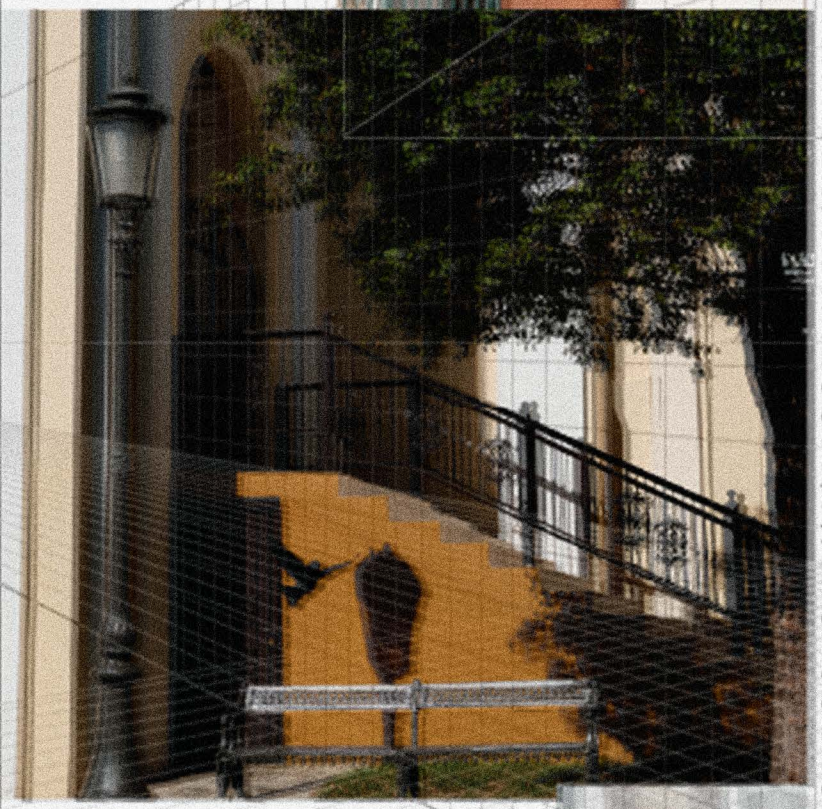
What is an Organic Space? Well. An 'Organic Space' details the concept we created for this Zine. Originated by the Arnold Arboretum and specifically that there is an addition of purposeful "Wild Zones" in the middle of the deliberately curated areas. Wild Zones are areas where anything is allowed to grow and Fredrick Law had used these to contrast the curation of the Arboretum. I became very interested in these wild zones and decided to use a table in a spare room of my apartment as a similar experiment, anyone could come and place items there and move things around as they pleased. Purposeful clutter sometimes

When briefing clean living and seeking out help from collaborators and friends for this Zine project. This idea of Wild Zones evolved, and it became apparent that the power of letting the world into a piece allows exposure on our own predisposed narra and how we can allow the physical realty of what is h be recontextualized. Creating a fluid space that doe any one lens. Spoiler, a large way this is done in this Zine is not obvious on a first pass. There are visual patterns that repeat throughout this issue that a encoded letters. We've found that while we were exploring and sharing these page and patterns with others that at times the result causes one to stop looking at th pages as pages of words and content but rather places to find these encoded visua patterns. Using a prescribed lens and also showcasing 'The Organic Space' in the sense of the page encapsulating different meanings when seen through these different narrative functions. It's possible that this fluid space is a radical act, one that could cause people to reckon with their own predisposed distillation of moments. There is a way to figure out the visual encoding, we tried to lay it out in a rewarding way. On top of the gimmick I just mentioned, we also attempt to create a non-linear feel to the full issue. A few ways this has been done is by the art itself containing fragmented alignment and causing work to be done in order to solve for the full story at times.Taking large amounts of inspiration from the Ergodic literature genre. We curated this Zine's page order by throwing all the pages in the air and seeing which ones I could grab first. Also, with the first few rounds of issues we sell of this zine, we will punch a hole through a random page before selling it, hopefully it's not this page!

soupbox is anti-LLM soupbox is anti-genocide soupbox is LBGTQ+ driven a lot of this zine is displaying a disregard for the orignal purpose of the piece. letting new ideas takeover what was before, which is what we need as people

How "look at the beautiful country side" would likely not be something you'd hear in an average folk song- instead "drowsy as the sheep run by, the brook sings as the cattle cry" or something more descriptive and enunciative would be used, after all that's a skill and should make the song better.

I think outside of doing it purposefully or ironically, my body would physically stop me from using such plain language. In fact iff I imagine "look at The beautiful country side" in a song, I imagine it sung out so intensely- each syllable extended and wrung out until it's worn,

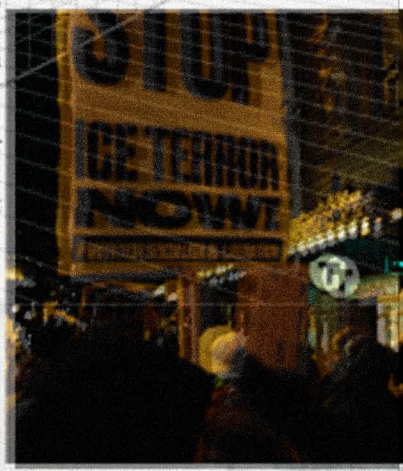


childish. The beat earns its simplicity.

Logo design is similar- every person who is starting a brand wants a minimalist logo, but Nike wasn't always Nike- they rebranded and adopted the minimal logo. Apple's original logos yada yada-
And even then, the more modern companies that try and do minimalism often don't sell as well since they don't have the social capital to cash in their simplicity.

Point being- simplicity is powerful, everyone knew this. It is the cost needed to and if the cost isn't that communicate (or

Lost child you don't know what an organic space is
Lost child you confessed on the beach and brought in the rain
Lost child you lay in bed under a tree, watched by the sky
Lost child you ffind peace in the uneasy
Lost child you wish it was like before and wish before never happened
Lost child you weren't there when it rained and yet you wish you could appreciate today like you did them – at the chicken coop by the bike bath, the chickens took joy in the rain- you laughed, for a second, that's all that took up your mind before you had to SnapchatTM about it
Lost child you steal others emotions, do you even feel? It's ok because you had yours stolen too- come let me hold you, we can tell each other jokes and drink too much caffeine.
Lost child, remember how you don't talk to them anymore? Any of them?
Lost child, stay lost, it's better that way
Lost child you don't know what an organic space is



the secret to the hidden words is on the page about the man- if you trace patterns to the chart- first line determines which section, then count starting at one- sideways lines count the tallys and choose the side more tallys are on. There is no grand puzzle or reason to solve them at all, but they are there. Org SPG

PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE

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PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE

LOST CAT

THE cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost the cat is lost

THE only way to be found is to find it's cry in the wild. Do you know what sound a cat makes? A cat can make a variaty of sounds- so make sure you find the cat's noise twice to make sure you can find the cat otherwise it could be anything! Even a cat! I hope you find thecat

PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN IF FOUND PLEASE

REWA

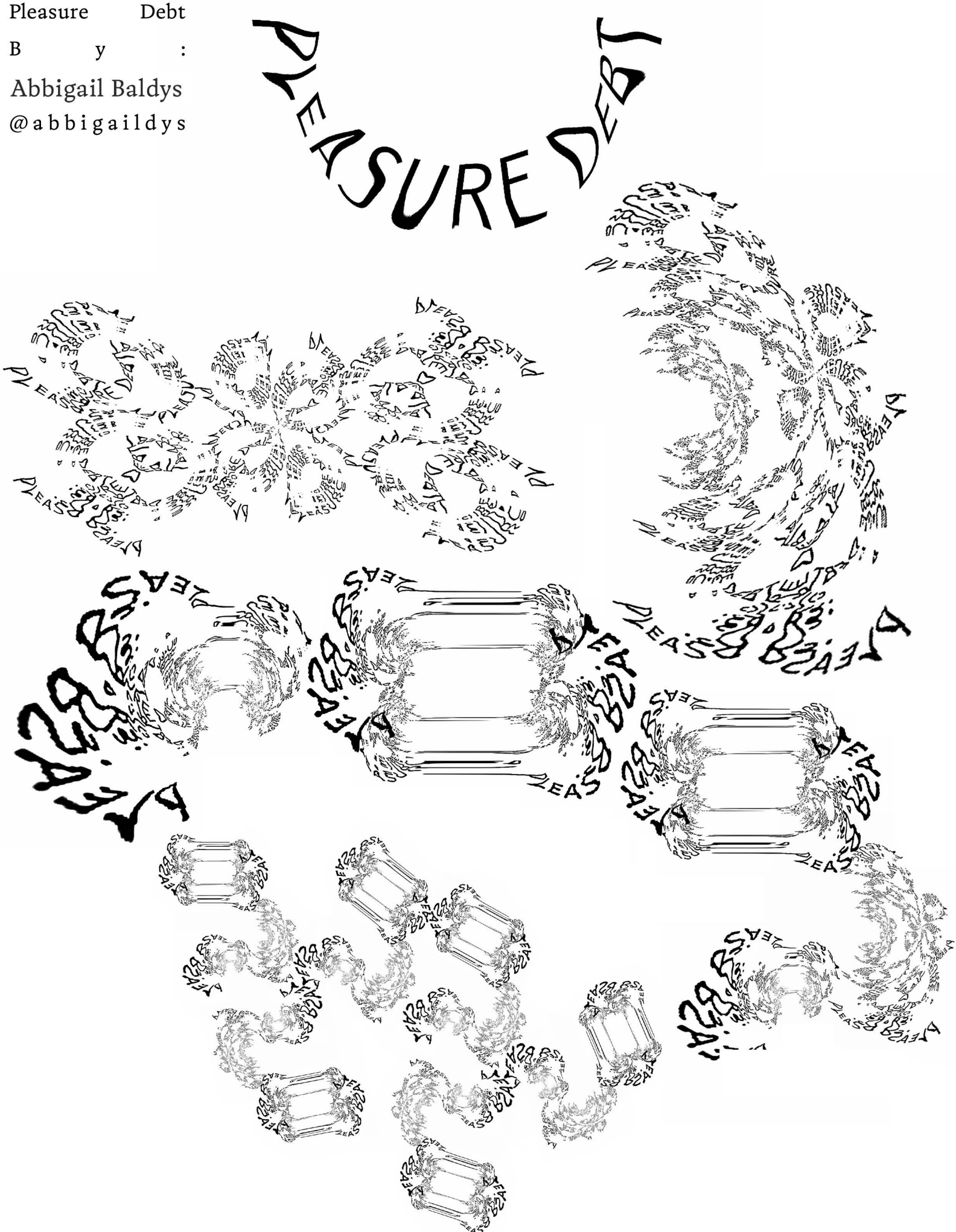
3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3 :3

Pleasure Debt

B y :

Abbigail Baldys

@abbigaildys



Extended tongue, hand balanced on needle, visible breathing lung. You didn't make proper use of the time you had, the love of your life was wanting to meet you but work was draining your energy; that idea you had couldn't come to be, kept wishing yesterday you could plant that tree while the children up in the apples keep force feeding you empathy. People start seeing coincidence and sensing there is a design to the universe. No - it's just a coincidence passing through. There is no design it's just stuff happening to you.

I love you so sincerely, a nebula implosion has less colors than when you enter my mind, you warm wet docile baby sheep, you powerful wind summoning ethereal almost. Yet, I have a hobby of fairy bottling. There are those who bring one bullet on their hunt, and I bring one cork. Small patches of white in green foliage- Couple of dancing marbles, bouncing around. Tears tied by lost null void unable to render please source the proper file from the folder. Stars come to light and here we are, if you just could set down your tennis racket and if I could erase everything. I was there breathing, so extremely heavily. The people stood there potted, soaking in my breathe through osmosis. All my old friends are victims of pyscho-

I've only ever felt relaxation in my life 4 times. Either through time blocked out on my calendar or after a therapy session. After one session I dreamed I was riding a horse on ice through a desert. The sky was beautiful.

METAL DEATH

ON:

What has taken that spot, as something always must fill an empty hole. Is being shootings. I'm I can afraid. Im afraid of Wikipedia shot and dying before how quickly I would know accomplish anything when a shooting happens- worthy. I think about would it be the first gunshot? Would I have a vibe beforehand? I don't go to certain large gatherings of people because I think "that's when it's going to be". It can happen at anytime anywhere. It's a bomb from above but it's in your face- the metal bird is now a puppet for a ventriloquist that the media will also ventriloquize to parrot what ever they want to pass. My death could be in vain or hurt things I believe in. Would I run? Would running be successful or make me a target? I did school shooting trainings when I was a kid- but surely kids who died in school shootings since then have followed that advice (and their death is not their fault, of course). Would I run into the crowd and yell the radio ad from my youth that has not dislodged from my skull as a final release of tension before metal death decides to mark my corpse? Should prepay spot in the Mt. Auburn cemetery for a natural death (because I couldn't afford anything more)? What do you do in those moments? What is anyone supposed to do? Is it martyrdom to be on a slide show for an ANTI-NRA speech by an elected representative? Or a slide show by an """ANTI-ANTIFA" elected nazi?

It's a wail, in the sense that it's a baby crying. This isn't a well thought out metaphor- however- 'the body' has a microphone - deep inside of itself, someone put one there just in case. The bipedal machine lifts it's leg, each gizmo inside of itself whirling, steam comes out and a coo-coo clock bird pops out it's left shoulder blade mimicking the sound of the veery bird. Then, with one swift motion 'the body' collapses, gears and nails (or screws? I can never tell) come out, and 'the body''s left leg detaches entirely. The amalgamation tilts its head slightly, and then with a deep whirr, starts pulling itself toward the now screaming parentless baby, who by the way, is featured on zero milk cartons.

It's every person- every person is a plane. Every person is unsafe. Not all people carry disease and even then you could not catch it. A bomb wouldn't drop on you in Boston Massachusetts, and if a nuke hit DC- they'd be a lot of larger questions there that would have impacted me anyway.
Guns are accessible, regardless of what they should be. Right now they are. Every person could be someone who the mental health system has failed, had the society at large fail them, hold a spiritual level of hysterical value to a specific grudge, or "wants to make Mondays more interesting".

This Isn't a specifically novel take- but I'm also like why don't we get our version of duck and cover? Possibly because when every person is a plane- it's impossible to counteract bombings. Isn't that an interesting form of organic space? This omnipresent, invisible, yet completely real force that bends us around it. We all walk through this miasma; reckon and witness. Duck and cover each and every plane in every supermarket.

OFF:

A: shoots out ghost in assigned direction based on numbers (01 = null 23 = right 45 = up 67 = left 89 = down)- sends ghost when number is recieved.
B : Assigns number left to right or top to down
C: cycles number through 0-9 in the space below it- if assigned a value then it cycles between 0 and that number- when assigned two numbers, it cycles through those two values. First being up or down and second being left or right. - does not override spaces - only numbers.
D: Assigns number right to left or down to top
E: Ghost energy, takes a ghost and adds one number in all directions (starting with 1)
F: When activated, shoots out a grav ghost in a direction based on assigned number (01 = null 23 = right 45 = up 67 = left 89 = down) - Grav ghosts move blocks created by Q - not anything else.
G: Assigns assigned number in all directions - *doesn't take numbers from other sources - only transfer numbers that it is already assigned*
H: Hold gate - continues the assigning action of the piece that assigned it. (Is a B if a B activated it, is a ghost on the same path if a ghost activates it) - but doesn't let anything through, when activated, turn into an I
I: Continues the assigning action of the piece that assigned it. (Is a B if a B activated it, is a ghost on the same path if a ghost activates it) - when activated, turn into an H
J: when activated and there is something in the path in the adjacent column or row - put a number of the number of spaces between this block and the fartest space of how many spaces between there is. If farther than 9 - no number
K: Kick the direction the ghost is flying in a "L" shape right
If from above, then to the right
if from below then to the left
if from the left then going down
if from the right then going down.
L: When activated, sends a swapper ghost in the assigned direction that swaps the first two non number spaces it makes impact with. Swapper ghosts instant and swaps the first two in a line, no incrementation.
M: merger - holds the first ghost and 2nd ghost recieved upon the second ghost arriving, sends out the first ghost along the path of the second ghost. Then resets, waiting for first ghost again.
N: Null receiver - when receiving a 'null' (0-1) input, activate adjacent spaces in a cross pattern. Doesn't pulse when it receives a pulse.
P: When assigned a new number, activate adjacent spaces in a cross pattern, also pulses when recieving another pulse
Q: Creates a block perm based on the two closest numbers, the number closest on the left or right determines the direction of the blocks (01 = null 23 = right 45 = up 67 = left 89 = down) and the closest number above or below determines how many (note, they don't add additonal blocks, just fill in those spaces.)
R: Adds all numbers in a cross pattern together, turning all added numbers into the total sum. **if less than two numbers in a cross pattern nearby - becomes a 'relay' a space that adds one copy of any ghost that passes through it on the same tile**
S: Subtracts in a cross pattern all squares when assigned a number
T: sends out a ghost carrier carrying an assigned number. If assigned no direction, output through the nearest ghost output machine. If no ghost output machine and no assigned number, do nothing.
U: Ghost accelerator, instant sends the ghost to the first space it would hit in it's current path.
V: A "G" that always activates last - but still on the same turn as all other 'G's
W: Pulses on the **Next** turn in a cross - like P with a one turn delay. Also acts like a G with a one turn delay. Does not send Pulses or Numbers back to the square they received from. If it recieves two pulses on the same turn from different input sides- send pulse in all directions on the same turn.
X: continues the assigning action of the piece that assigned it. (Is a B if a B activated it, is a ghost on the same path if a ghost activates it) - only continues action if 'assigned' the same number it is assigned (holds first assigned value permanently)
Y: Make this space represent number that is representative of the sum of all numbers in a cross formation. Still acts as a space.
Z: Advance the letter below it by the assigned number every time it is activated. If reaching the end of the alphabet then it loops around, like an array. If assigned a number, then add the number plus one for activation A single ghost does not update Z without a number.

WHEN I WAS BROKE AS NACROSS

MY OWN EXISTANC

You need to breathe fresh air. Broken histories and I see my self running in a loop. Reapearring at

You need to breathe fresh air. Broken histories and I see my self running in a loop. Reapearring at
the start without the knowledge I gained. A bite of Bueno doesn't taste the same. White chalk
outlines on the rainbow crosswalk. Camping out off the bikepath I remember old studies again.
Reanimated Corpses of people who were always dead. Mycelium decomposing with roots so deep,
towny is a word that means nothing to me. Book Keeper's account, the previous abstraction has
lead to Rapists and losers. People I would wise crack spending months in that basement on a
Ketamine binge, old friends begging old friends for money and sex. You were my peers. I ain't
recongize you at all. I flip a coin and I'm out of here. Off to do my rounds again next year. We had
our own names for these spots and our own stories. You defaced this place by staying in the
fantasy. You fucking cum covered home owned pharmacies.

He could never name the belief he held closest to himself (he supposed it was in his nature not to) but as he would later describe it: “it is the nature of things to have a nature.” As he understood it, it was in his nature to work hard, but not too hard, to walk with a slight limp, to stumble over his words if allowed to talk for too long, to constantly feel the pull of delusions of grandeur and yet to always be shuffled into those who were good, but not great. It was some event or other in childhood that had made him that way, and that way he would remain until some aspect of his nature asked him to become something else, in which case he would oblige. On a wind-swept afternoon, the sky shining the pale sourceless light of a Sunday, the street on which he walked was a funnel, except, of course, in the moments the mechanism of his body stopped to survey it, in which case it was a canvas, or in the moment he selected a store in which to browse, in which case it was a menu. In each scenario, he thought, the descriptor was nothing but a truism, and a useless one at that. Rowed houses, dressed in neat stacks of bricks, kept him comfortably contained. It was strange, he almost thought, to move with such little purpose, yet such awareness that it was the only way for him to be. He turned a corner, wind twirling his patchwork clothing along with a cloud of leaves it had gathered. He shivered. There was something sinister in this block. The walls rising on either side of the road cut in and out, slanted hallways of glass and wood jutting out towards him, doors of shapes and sizes he could not see the purpose of. The funneled street which had so easily led him here slipped away behind him and a funneled gale took its place, tossing bits of the ground towards him. He turned his collar up and hurried through. The man could not sleep that night. The road had haunted him for years, its strange twists and turns, the savage eyes he swore he could see peering from every jagged shard of a window, but something seemed different in it now. Since his father died, he figured—though the connection eluded him (1). He had done his time as a Mourner. He shut his eyes and replayed his walk in his head—in third person, of course, for he was Observing. He saw his right knee buckle slightly with each step, catching his thigh just before his body went down. It was as if each step he took pulled him away from himself, pulled him towards something . . . but what was it? After an hour of this he stood up, made his bed, and had a cup of coffee. (1) In his time as a Mourner, the man had learned much about mortality. Unfortunately, he had learned it as a Mourner, one which he was no longer. Notably, he had learned that death was nothing to laugh about. A dead body was real—limp and finite. He also learned what it was to carry one's feelings—to feel their weight. Their limp, lifeless weight. One day he had broken down in the street. He was on his way to take care of some small task, but he could not recall what it was. He dropped to his knees, barely aware of the crowd forming around him, and M o u r n e d . From behind him he felt a warm hand, and someone spoke.

(2) The Manager had a superb Tailor, one whose measurements could account for the most exaggerated adjustments of one’s suit. The Manager loved an excuse to visit the Tailor, not the least because the Tailor’s Secretary had a secret chicken parm recipe. Delicately, he would be fed a sandwich of it as he was fitted, a service he paid extra for. On his last visit, the Manager found that the Secretary had left—run off on some solo venture that was doomed to fail, as the Tailor told it. The Tailor assured the Manager that the Secretary’s replacement was nearly as good, and he was mostly correct. Their recipe rivaled that of the Secretary, though they were not nearly as tall, and much of the sandwich fell apart onto the Manager. The Manager, who had been under quite a lot of stress lately, took it as a bad omen and left, throwing some routine insults at the Replacement on his way out the door. “Glad to have you back!” The Manager across the desk, small and round, (much in the way that a gopher is, the man thought), wore an Italian suit with a tie that remained so straight the man imagined it must be glued in place somewhere (2).“Three months of leave, I see,” the Manager continued. His brow was furrowed, his eyes scanning their way through a document hidden by a manila folder. “Ah,” he paused, and looked up. “I’m sorry for your loss. I trust you’ve managed to get the estate in order?” “Yes. It took some doing, but it’s done.” “Very well, then. Quite good.” He winced. He hated how the Managers always did that—said things twice.

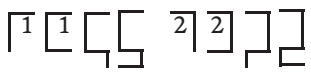
“Everything is alright,” said the voice.

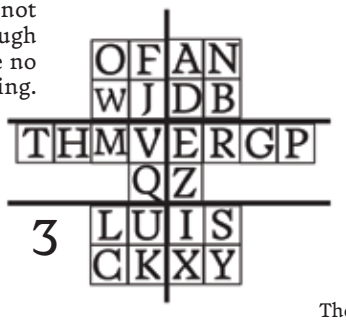
The man remembered that day with embarrassment, now that he was not a Mourner. Some Assistant Cobbler, or Novice Sewer, or some such thing that the man did not recall, had brought him to his home, and made him a delectable meal. The man had felt awful but this Reserve Clothier told the man not to worry about it, that he was a Giver, and such was in his nature. “A Giver like you,” the man had told him as he was leaving, “should be second to no one, and deal in his Gifts. I, for one, would eat at your restaurant.”

To an untrained eye, it looked something like this:

By noon the next day, he knew it to be frustration. It was not typical of the man or the Manager to be frustrated, though maybe it was beginning to be, but the tables could create no other feeling.

XY: Chromosomes, coordiniates in 2D space, variables in algrorythms and most importantly luck. Actually, let me repeat myself:





It would be hard to explain to someone who was not an expert, but the man figured he would explain it something like this:

You are given a puzzle, along the lines of: I have two children. At least one of my children is a boy. What are the odds they both are? Now, pick your answer. Run a simulation a million times, well past the point necessary to account for any plausible margin of error. Find that you are wrong. Try another answer, one that makes less sense to you, but find that you are wrong again. Whatever answer you pick, find that you are wrong, but in a different way each time. Now, try it again, but with the added information that the older child is a boy. Again, you are wrong. And again.

There are steps to this, logs that must be kept, work that must be shown. The man was used to tougher questions, ones which required weeks of analysis to pin down, but they always added up to something. No, this was not a lack of work. This was different.

He would go home that night to dream of the road.

“Well, let’s get you back up and running quickly. The new numbers are in, and, well...” he trailed off, and looked out the window longingly. “We could use another set of eyes, is all. Someone with a fresh set of...” his mouth slowly ground to a halt. The two sat in an uncomfortable silence for a moment, until the Manager spun his head around quickly. “You’ll notice addendum 42 has been revised in your absence. Outside of that, nothing has changed. It’s still quite the same. Go on now, and do your job.” It was only when he played the conversation over that night, watching the back of his head nod slowly along to the Manager’s voice, that he noticed what he had thought methodical in the delivery of the man’s final line was in fact something closer to sternness, or perhaps frustration. He had done nothing but squirm in his sleep and stare at the neverending tables for what was closing in on 100 hours when he began to laugh. He sat in his office and cackled.

The Manager rushed in, his suit stained red. The Manager walked through, shuddering. He hated this road, but it was his only route to the second best tailor in town. As he turned up his collar, he swore he could feel a pair of eyes staring down at him from a slit above an old oak door.

“Very odd,” thought the Manager. “Quite peculiar.”

The man laughed harder.

s your growing body hair
t is tourists in your city
it is physics happening around
it is a boulder withstanding ennui
it is an abandoned theme park
it is protesters with uncompromising
it is lightning- only for a moment
it is a cluttered table
it is a video that refuses to go away

I submitted my submission to this zine late-
ash said they would find a spot for it to be squeezed.
Here it is, wherever it is. I think hell is something you
can slip into, I think it exists in this completely permeab
state that is only a doorway away. It toys with past
remembrances, laughs with motifs that play out in
cycles, it's lying there on the surface. I think I could
put my hand on the table and sense hell's current just
like way finding a river to sail. It's the apotheosis of org
space, the clearest mirror. It's dredging up an apartmen
unit that has been forgotten yet still lies in the building
A gothic mid century house that exists only in the yello
pages. A patch of grass never stepped on. This, what I'm
writing right now, is hell.

our oil lamps will surely run thin
and our toil will not be worth
living
the crushed bug- surviving in the
corner
the coroner observes it's flapping
wings
if kept alive it could be placed in
every street
and thus we lined the lamps with
crushed bugs
so all the shops be found at night
thank you crushed bugs

Egalitarian twisted swords
bended knee at breakneck speeds
weighed scales as the fish ran away
with the spoonerism

This year's coffee shop and Boston lead lined walls
Rain and tears slip skip like stones as water falls
soggy newspaper brought back guess ink tones readable afterall
Phone call on the emerald necklace, for sure shook my core
hell i still see dead children on the 44
reduced redundancies cause latency speeds
i - c - e checking tiktok feeds
once beat every barber on washington in chess
wince cuz lawmakers on washington speak without chest

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C					P	4	D	H	W	V	V								B	D		G	D	D	D	D		B				D	X	D			B	D	9				
9	W	B	X	B	N	2											U	B	D	W	P	N			P	H		C	D	2				D	C		W				K		U	K
				B		B	A		U			Z						B		L	I	I	D		N	D	D	2						D	0		N	X	W	W	V	B	T	K	K
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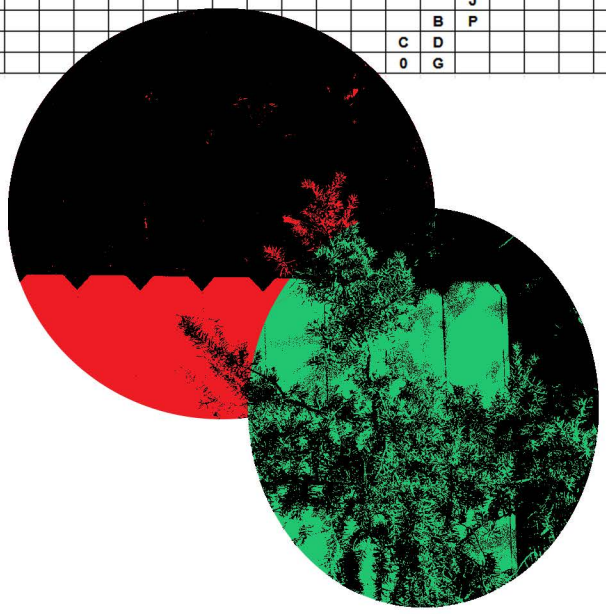
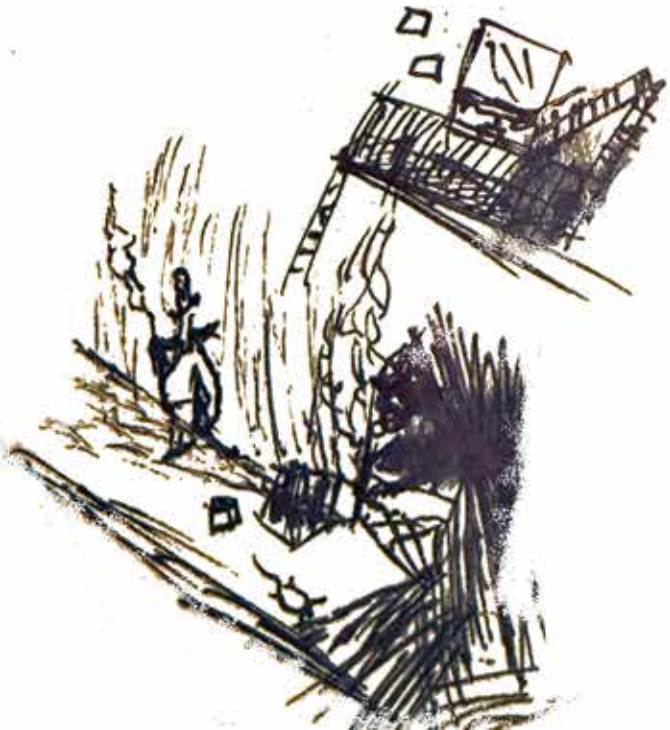


Talking in circles- but organic spaces. In my opinion, which might not be shared by all of the zine contributors. Can just be an element of oneself. Like I am transgender, that is an organic space when paired to the world which adapts and then when paired with this truth about me, I can see that reality. I know how people react to transphobia, pronouns, the pronouns that are yet to even be invented yet, because unlike sexuality, gender will evolve. Gender is consistently growing and changing, and yet it is a single concept within itself and the outside treats it like a solid block of slate rather than the biosphere it is. When certain ideas, people, conversations, physical locations, have to pass through this lens, operate within it's lush vines and clear blue water, we can see how they fare and their true essence. I've seen men who when I was young would refer to hiphop in a city as urban music and scary now pickup that I am using they to describe someone and join along easily. That is the evaluation of true nature. It's the Lord of the Flies, the Salem Witch Trials, these classical moments where people are stripped down to their elements and forced to brutally and dramatically cling onto their representational aspects. When you are in a room with people there are overlapping clouds of machines that have their objectives, in the hands of these beasts we are not individuals we are mechanical arms acting out echo-location to our adaptive ideologues. An organic space can be a physical space. What happens when you take some evolving and consistent - something wild and contained -and force someone to enter it? That is the point, it is letting the world in and with the world inside, the truth will be understood within the consciousnesses of the people.



Heads rolled, forming new dents as Grace's consciousness surfaced from sleep.

7:13. Red burn. Numbers searing white space. The deep red letters of the alarm clock burned against the stark white walls and bedding of their second-story apartment. The room appeared and faded as they found their h in existence once again—walls slightly too long,

Between long blinks, Grace wondered if these oddities we

rolling dice for measurements or sim

Like a city girl
Full of joy and
If the rabbits a
or if she's just

feeding rabbits...
nd afraid of
e there for her, the carrots,
n the middle of their pattern.

The stir of these
Sensing Grace w
one of the only n

e thoughts must have roused M, who lay beside them.
Grace was awake, M sat up without fear of waking them and proceeded toward the dresser—

"Holy shit-" in the vege only notes of brown in the room.
in a mess of weeds and thorns. laid a COP .357 Derringer
COP standin Al rg the white faux-wood floor, blood flowed in a thin rivulet
The gun was St gned ing to find balance, M, still emerging from sleep, felt a gust of wind.
weighed 1.75 pounds, which lead it to being very poo

"M, are you okay?" a backup gun for Police Officers
Mainly due to it s weight and heavy pull preventing
rapid-fire. Howeve M stood in a stupor. Scarecrow nce
and this gun does come with an element of style. with
it's unique four chamber design, creating a distinct

"Hey- what's wr "Hey- what's wrong? Can you talk to me?"
working on aircrafts, created a sense of style that was
very recognizable. Validate Car alarms penetrated the room with unusual volume, and sho
Reloaded, Bladerunner, an These noises seemed oddly loud, M thought—all of these sensations registering
before they began falling to the ground, covering your loaded gun underneath
"Hey can I have the slice a how to immediately use it, which can pr
and coke deal for seven dollars?" iconic silho
that film directors mad
"Hey! What the h

ling like weed
n colder?
—god,
ger.
With a gaze. Dow ss. Jagged. Embedded. A root
"Wh ou'

Maybe t renaline masked the
but as Grace twisted and pulled th
shard out of M's foot, it felt smoot
Focusing through the shock, M noticed: their foot was bleeding.
the kind you'd see in a polaroid
of your parents. M h
reminding themselv
car alarms and shouting only
seemed to be coming from their
room and were instead outside.

like the rhythm of rabbits
pebbles tossed to water
circles grow and disappear
as if they never even occurred

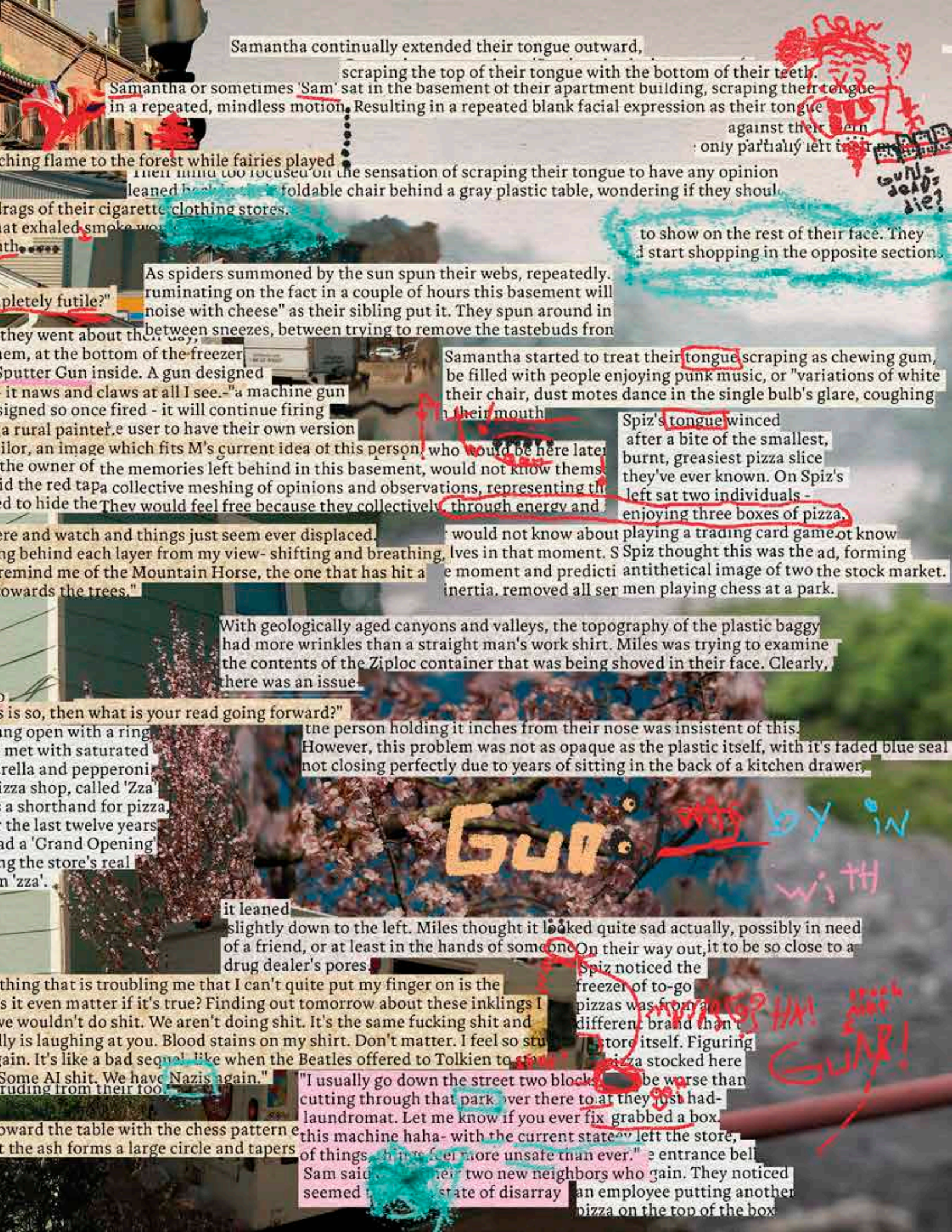
light of a Fitzgerald illuminates the lake like a fire cat

the eyes. In between d
uch heavy breath th
re-enter the mou
all com
t thinking about it,
unb "Talk to me" h
a pizza box with a S
of complete unrest-
e Sputter gun is des
g their cigarette like
Speak g the conviction and rasp of a sa
as a machine gun, but
the Sputter gun to avo
a machine gun. Decide
until needed
Normal sight seems slightly skewed- I sit the
Just ever so slightly. As if there is something sitti
a laughing face has notes of a melting waterfall-
rock mid-stride. Find it now, galloping t

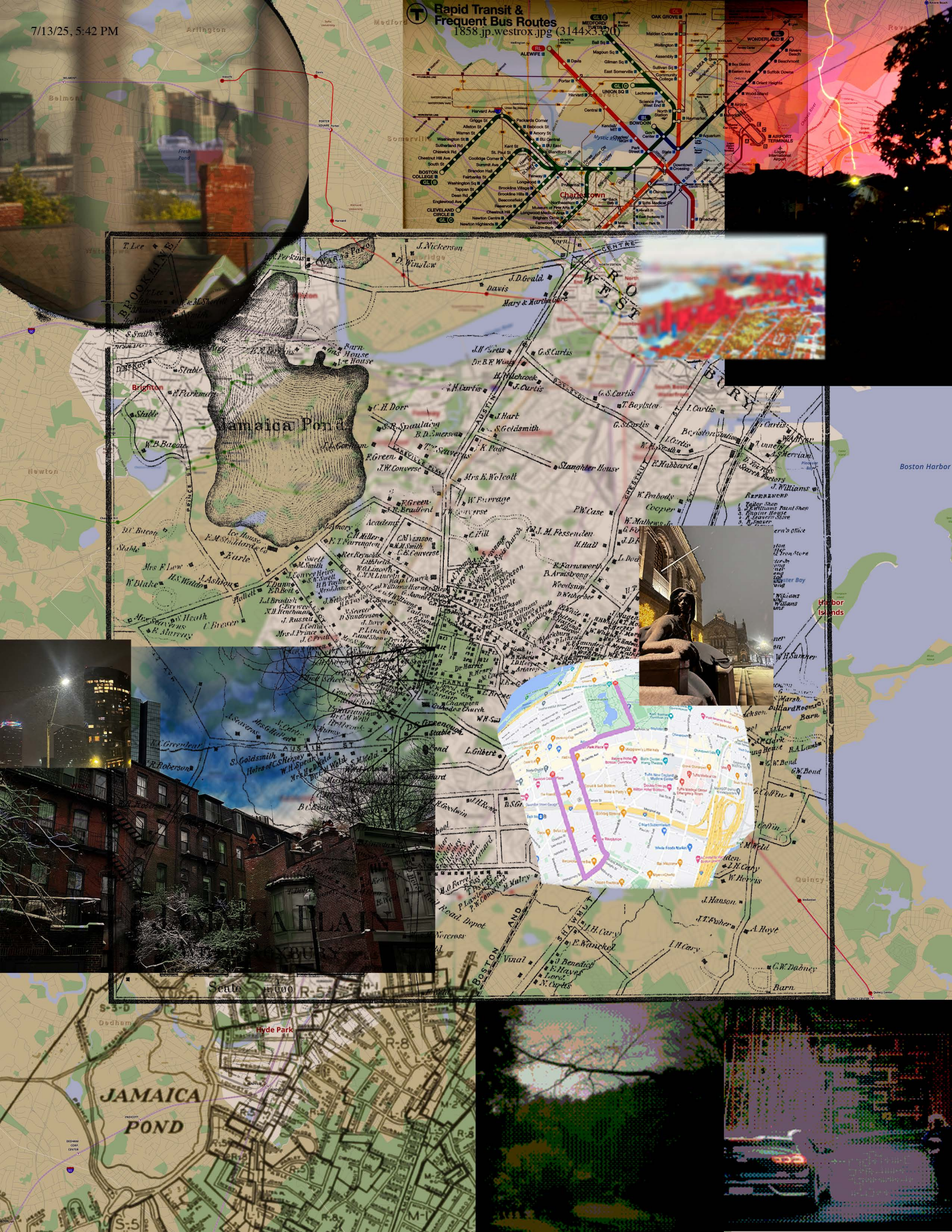
However, if during readjusting any of the couch cushions,
if someone were to lift them up- specifically lift the cushion
on the right. It would be revealed Duct-taped
to the bottom of the right-mo se Hind
Ko "Well, what is your conclusi s it this
early nineteenth century by
ou must counterintuitively g
The beauty of this blow-forwa

As the door swu
Spiz's nose was
smells of mozza
It was a small pi
by locals, not as
but because for
the store has ha
banner obscurir
name aside fro

"Judas priest, I couldn't tell you. The
extreme indifference with it all. Doe
have - it doesn't solve a thing since w
it's coming for you. That's whose real
The Nazis are back, we have Nazis ag
in the Lord of the Rings by Kubrick.
Their cigarette moves in a circle and then arches to
Being put out and twisted excessively, to the point



Samantha continually extended their tongue outward,
scraping the top of their tongue with the bottom of their teeth.
Samantha or sometimes 'Sam' sat in the basement of their apartment building, scraping their tongue
in a repeated, mindless motion. Resulting in a repeated blank facial expression as their tongue
against their
only partially left
ching flame to the forest while fairies played
Their mind too focused on the sensation of scraping their tongue to have any opinion
leaned
foldable chair behind a gray plastic table, wondering if they shoul
drags of their cigarette clothing stores.
at exhaled smoke wo
to show on the rest of their face. They
d start shopping in the opposite section.
th
As spiders summoned by the sun spun their webs, repeatedly.
pletely futile?"
ruminating on the fact in a couple of hours this basement will
noise with cheese" as their sibling put it. They spun around in
between sneezes, between trying to remove the tastebuds from
they went about their
em, at the bottom of the freezer
Samantha started to treat their tongue scraping as chewing gum,
Sputter Gun inside. A gun designed
be filled with people enjoying punk music, or "variations of white
it naws and claws at all I see.-"a machine gun
their chair, dust motes dance in the single bulb's glare, coughing
signed so once fired - it will continue firing
a rural painter.e user to have their own version
their mouth
Spiz's tongue winced
ilor, an image which fits M's current idea of this person, who would be here later
after a bite of the smallest,
the owner of the memories left behind in this basement, would not know thems
burnt, greasiest pizza slice
id the red tapa collective meshing of opinions and observations, representing th
they've ever known. On Spiz's
ed to hide the They would feel free because they collectively, through energy and
left sat two individuals -
enjoying three boxes of pizza.
ere and watch and things just seem ever displaced.
would not know about playing a trading card game ot know
ng behind each layer from my view- shifting and breathing, lves in that moment. S Spiz thought this was the ad, forming
remind me of the Mountain Horse, the one that has hit a e moment and predicti antithetical image of two the stock market.
owards the trees."
inertia. removed all ser men playing chess at a park.
With geologically aged canyons and valleys, the topography of the plastic baggy
had more wrinkles than a straight man's work shirt. Miles was trying to examine
the contents of the Ziploc container that was being shoved in their face. Clearly,
there was an issue-
s is so, then what is your read going forward?"
ng open with a ring
the person holding it inches from their nose was insistent of this.
However, this problem was not as opaque as the plastic itself, with it's faded blue seal
met with saturated
not closing perfectly due to years of sitting in the back of a kitchen drawer.
rella and pepperoni
izza shop, called 'Zza'
a shorthand for pizza,
the last twelve years
ad a 'Grand Opening'
ng the store's real
n 'zza'.
it leaned
slightly down to the left. Miles thought it looked quite sad actually, possibly in need
of a friend, or at least in the hands of someone On their way out, it to be so close to a
drug dealer's pores.
Spiz noticed the
thing that is troubling me that I can't quite put my finger on is the
freezer of to-go
s it even matter if it's true? Finding out tomorrow about these inklings I
pizzas was from a
ve wouldn't do shit. We aren't doing shit. It's the same fucking shit and
different brand than t
lly is laughing at you. Blood stains on my shirt. Don't matter. I feel so stu
store itself. Figuring
gain. It's like a bad sequel, like when the Beatles offered to Tolkien to s
izza stocked here
Some AI shit. We have Nazis again."
ruding from their too
"I usually go down the street two blocks
be worse than
cutting through that park over there to at they just had-
laundromat. Let me know if you ever fix grabbed a box.
this machine haha- with the current state
left the store,
of things
feel more unsafe than ever."
e entrance bell
Sam said
their two new neighbors who gain. They noticed
seemed
state of disarray
an employee putting another
pizza on the top of the box
oward the table with the chess pattern e
t the ash forms a large circle and tapers


7/13/25, 5:42 PM
Rapid Transit & Frequent Bus Routes
1858.jp.westrox.jpg (3144×3350)
Jamaica Pond
Charlestown
Boston Harbor
Harbor Islands
JAMAICA
POND
Hyde Park

Axiom's red worker jacket, with big square puffy shirt pockets, was

^- -|-| ^- *MANIFEST*

being blown back. As was their ushanka,

extended down giant white rabbit ears. Axion called out for Lang. "Lang!" The white

got whiter, their faux-ears blending

with the blinding light, you could

of sworn your camera's

aperture was all fucked up, maybe from the fall. After all,

you were up on that hill with them. In these fields of oat grass - the explosion coming from the valley, where you were. It absorbed you, and you assimilated with the universe itself. I had never thought that someone could speak through the world itself.

RELIC POEM

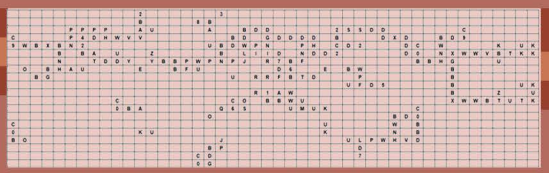
It was the hour before shift close, One hand cooled /\\\\/\ guard rail looking over the city below \// warm, holding //// wind whipping steam it was a day ago that I was \ / / / / \ \ \ / /\\\////\\\ to \// a better change /// in hand, thrown in an / / / My \// //// my family /\\\///\\\ my mug, the tea tells me /\\\\\\ it's about Watch /// hour //// clock out froze by the / \ \ \ \ \ \ \, holding me back from plunging /\\\\\\\\ city

INT/*PRSDTO*/ACTIVE DECAY:

Underneath the ceiling of a cathedral. Please proclaim and shout an aspect of your life that you will lay and let entropy take it's fangs to. Allow the planets to align, the clouds to circle, water to carve a path. Not a behavior you dislike, nay, a whole aspect of your life. An aspect of anything rather would suffice the artifice of this article. Contribute to this - not by interfering, since you must take caution to allow the decay to enter, it is quite shy, I dare say. You must be very delicate and kind to it, it is a soft creature. Contribute to this - by documenting it, you've severed your hand in order to bait the world to come in, and the world you will see.

Assigning a number to an empty square or another number does nothing. If anything swaps/activates/becomes different during the turn, you treat it like it happened on the same turn and follow the logically conclusion on if it has always been there. If a square is given a number and does not have an assigned number for directions etc. then that assigned number is the output and determines the input assigned amount. Number ghosts drop their number off at the first acceptable spot and then continue until they hit an activation letter. If a ghost goes through another ghost modifer or ghost creator - it becomes that ghost like it was pulsed out of that one to begin with (still carries any numbers etc)

General rules: Four tile types: Numbers, Spaces, Blocks and Ghosts. Numbers are intergers that when accessed hold that value and can be transfered into Spaces. Spaces are squares that are a hold of value assigned A-Z and have a unique function based on their letter and values applied. Blocks are spaces that are filled in, they take up space on the board and are generated by certain Spaces. Ghosts are entities that exist on the board but do not store and hold value like spaces- can pass through spaces and numbers until a space would utilize a ghost for it's activation.
Turn 0 nothing happens, nothing is assigned and is just the set up for turn one where you can start applying. Remember to have fun!



Another general rule of thumb is that most spaces that require direction for postioning and setting values only accept inputs from vertical and horizontal cross patterns.

I t breaks m y heart that we talk like t h i s
speculative questions, compelling specific mundane imagery to evoke place and setting. Paired with tragedy, ambition, belief, and that fruit bowl filled with rotting memories of wide-eyed hopeful farmer market trips.
A l w a y s said in this voice and c a d e n c e. All feeding mandatory AI references while fueling data c e n t e r s with new words. We only can communicate in the l a n g u a g e of fascism and this is what it s o u n d s l i k e

Olive came to a revelation -

This is why they were here.

With a shaking hand, the room started to expand everywhere they looked, and the air felt harsh, becoming even thicker. Olive opened the book and started reading. The weight they felt lifting the pages was immense. Were these really the laws of their nation? Why was this secret kept for so long? How much suffering was endured because of the natural growth of this plant? They weren't reading the book: the words on the page mean nothing without the plant's functions. They were reading the plant.

Olive mustered up the courage to read the first word and felt like all life got sucked out the room.

Reading the plant- it was prose:

Glimmer of light

Dissected rat's torso

shining bright as a star
Head shoved into the shell of an air conditioner
Shipping supplies spill into the ocean causing new era of biodiversity
A mute bat sings for the beaver children

All of Olive's schooling and life experience could not prepare them for what this means. The morbid and grotesque ide ing thr ead co en

travel off screen
Fall prey to titans who eat the unseen
Rambling train tracks rewind press play
Kids run with all their energy just to play
Prayer practices patience since it's just a d a y
Grass erupts out of my hands and I yell "Grass is coming out of my fingers help"
Just kiddin, I stood there in awe as the church just pierced the heavens and silenced all who saw
The eternal goddess whippersnapper light

15 empty ghosts in a c a n
Light reflects where I once was and still am
Alignment without knowledge is magic to the naive
Evening bikes always

judge, juror, and executioner. The reality of the situation was setting in, Olive felt a wave of nausea. They were not to leave this room. Their last conversations with their friends, how oddly poignant they felt, they were "chosen" for this. Their lack of family or other dependents, need for housing and support, and rigorous schooling.

Olive spent the next days wandering the halls of books, refusing to return to the center. Often tripping and falling from exhaustion. There was no food and no expectation of any, as the storeroom is only open every few years and is well documented by the media despite the lack of insight on the inside. The turns of the walls, Olive r e a l i z e d , corresponded to the Nautilus shell, the golden ratio. Olive sat there, looking for any way out, counting the lines on the spiderwebs, hoping for some sort of code.

After a few more days, Olive became frail and decided to return to the book in a state of delusion.

Blinking, fading eyes, read as if the plant wasn't there:

Bulging lamb eyes - from a squeeze
Chops into cuts into creases into cream
The evolution of a siren on its course
Dream matter formed into air
The sacred fleece hand-marked with a number
Tucked safely in its home

Between the pages, t b s

devour divine be honest
You ask that question for those who among us
Fingernails pile up gain sentience then loose it
I begged my head to stop being a nuisance
You left my living room and haven't been seen s i n c e
The kingdom of rain has lost its prince
I became a bird and then I became the sky
Baked a lemon pie to banish all the lies
I remember our first meeting over an ice cream cone
I want to dial up but couldn't find the tone
I called home and ignored then ringing p h o n e

forest- eventually, one day, a deer was brought in, possibly as food, but for Olive, a friend. Slowly but carefully and diligently, the storage room was transformed. The pages were used for fertilizer, for decoration. To prop up saplings for trees. More and more life came in. Water supplies for a lake. It felt like as the wooden bookcases

RWDO SERAHCE XXXX
XXXX XXXXXXX REHE

(W4. S7, H4)

and now, in front of you. It reminds me of *Servence* (Apple TV) - Looking at the abstract and finding something that sticks out to you. It's an injection of chaos that has inherent meaning. This word search is dilibertly designed in terms of what is a word and what isn't. There might be multible possible ways to 'solve' any certain word, but there is only one real solution to the full puzzle. Words can be forward, backward, diagnoal, and you might find some solutions that are not in straight lines. There is no reusing the same letter twice and some letters on the board are purposefully not used. This is me injecting 'Wild and Organic Spaces' into the piece.

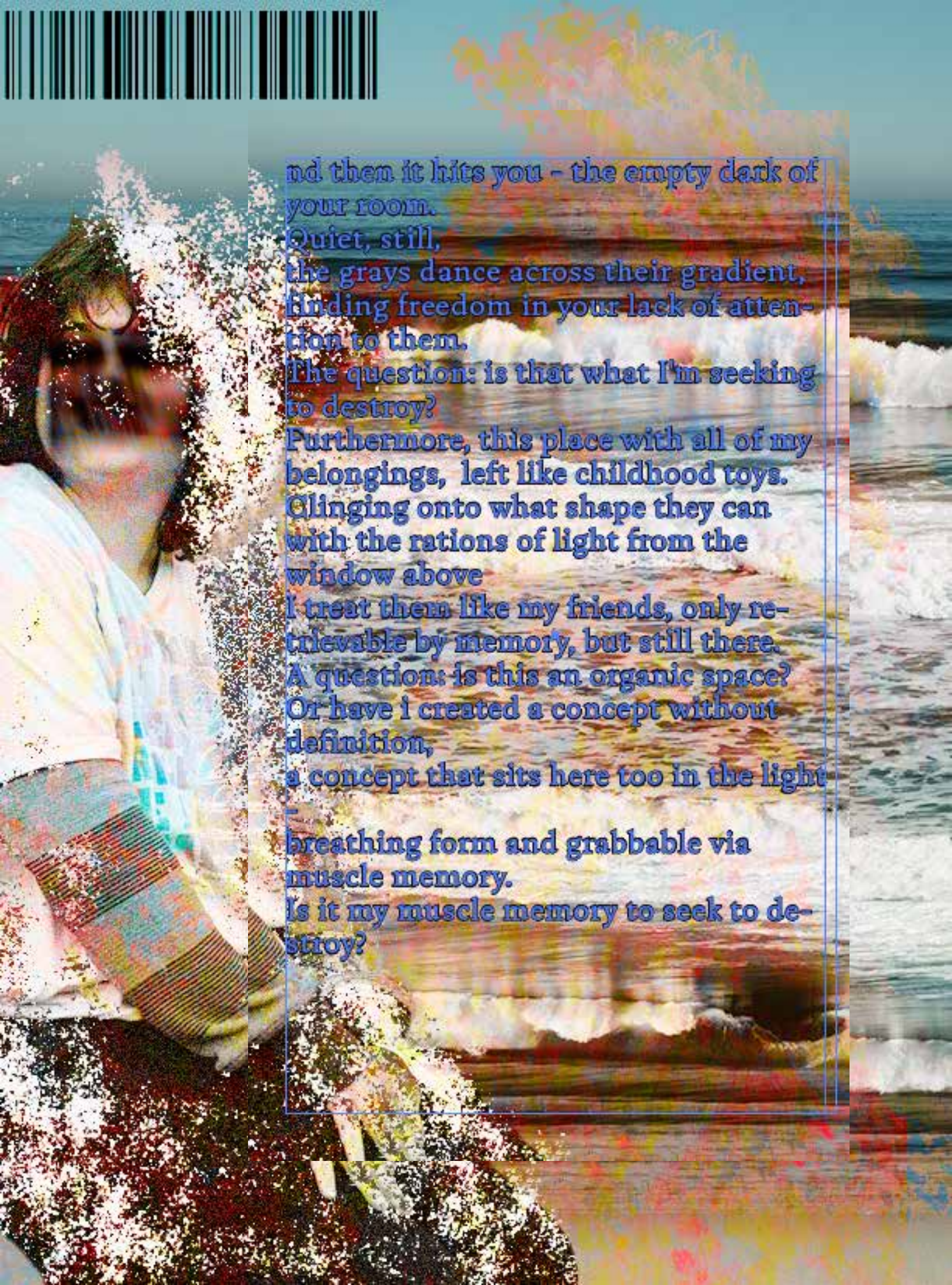
	L	O	R		J		Z	E	Q	U	
N	P	R	C	G	S	X	L	P	R	A	W
D	A	B	A	A	A	K	C	A	M	A	A
E	B	Q	N	Z	S	N	I	U	R	V	V
P	X	U	I	C	H	F	C	E	Z	Y	Y
L	A	R	C	A	O	A	S	B	Z	O	F
F	C	B	A	T	V	R	A	R	E	Q	R
J	S	N	M	O	P	Q	R	A	B	U	M
V	A	O	X	A	N	E	A	S	R	A	N
R	M	C	R	B	C	C	T	R	A	T	D
T	L	M	N	W	X	A	K	P	P	J	N
	N	E	Q	R	B	A	R	H	Z	B	E	I
	D	U	I	F	E	L	O	S	E	M	C	I
	T	V	C	F	A	R		R	N	I	L	L

(f5 z5 b8 s6 n6 a2 w4 a3 a5 r7 f6 f4 l5)

Shrill and shrieking, the lady was shouting with both desperation and mischievous joy. An undeniable blend of a screaming mother and a villain who is proud of their plan. As she recoiled into herself- ready to let loose another sonic burst- an image couldn't but be invoked of a train wreck- not because of one's inability to stop, but as well the sound of it helped recall derailed trains.

As I stood in the middle of the crosswalk- I took a moment and visualized all the cars that had crossed this point throughout the day- I imagined each of them hitting me.

As I stood in the middle of the crosswalk- I took a moment and visualized all the cars that had crossed this point throughout the day- I imagined each of them hitting me.


nd then it hits you - the empty dark of your room.
Quiet, still,
the grays dance across their gradient, finding freedom in your lack of attention to them.
The question: is that what I'm seeking to destroy?
Furthermore, this place with all of my belongings, left like childhood toys.
Clinging onto what shape they can with the rations of light from the window above
I treat them like my friends, only retrievable by memory, but still there.
A question: is this an organic space?
Or have i created a concept without definition,
a concept that sits here too in the light
breathing form and grabbable via muscle memory.
Is it my muscle memory to seek to destroy?

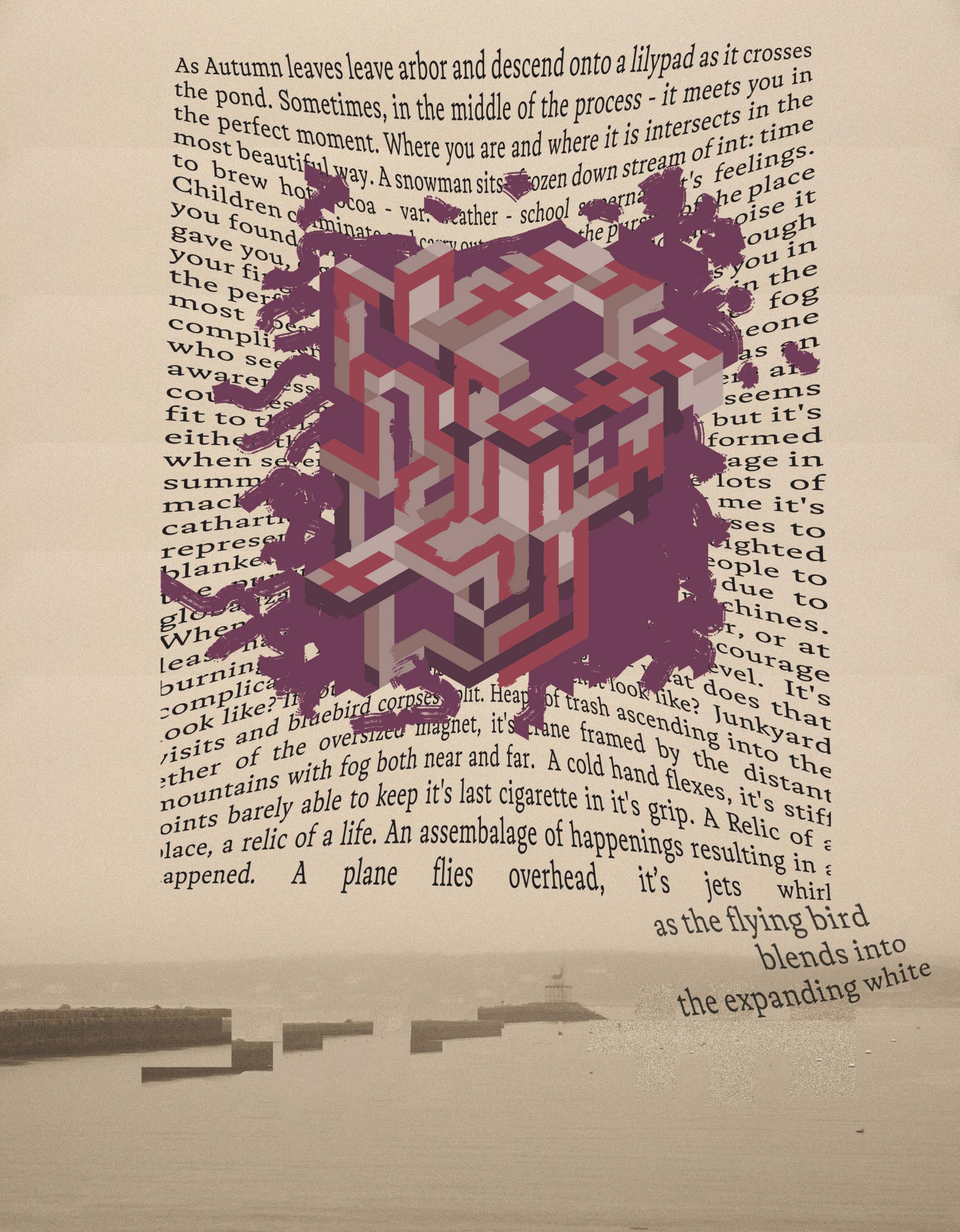
NO-ZONES

by: Annabelle Turner

There are spots in each of the places i have lived that i do not touch, i do not enter, i do not inhabit; no-zones.

In my first house, my childhood home, it was the basement. Cold and often damp, crawling with tiny creatures, no light save the bright florescent overheads that buzzed with the insects and the dust, there was always a certain way that the basement seemed to breathe. The clunking of pipes, AC and heat turning on and off, the creaking of floorboards above.
For my current place it is the attic, old new England windowless attic built of reddish dark oak. Ive never even gone up there, just watched from the bottom of the stairs where flies have attempted to leave, their remnants a warning. Do not pass. This is not for you. A dark void lays beyond in which everything seems to culminate. Things go in but never come out.
In a second house, my parent's house, the shed. Like an organ removed, it sits detached, alone. Yellow and royal blue, Newly built, it smells of fresh wood. rays of sun pierce through clean windows illuminating in golden hues the odd pieces of furniture left in store. The shed breathes silently as though in wait, as though its birth has just begun and now it waits for the dust to settle to truly come to life.

These are the hearts of houses, the stomachs perhaps, where things go to die or grow, rot, mold, galore. A part of each building that is alive on its own, unconsumed by the human-ness that surrounds it.
Sometimes they leak. Theres a closet in my room that has essence of attic, a looming otherness. Sometimes in the night i swear i can hear a heart beat, a sigh.
But they are there, not evil or good, just living, just there to be, and to be left well enough alone.


As Autumn leaves leave arbor and descend onto a lilypad as it crosses
the pond. Sometimes, in the middle of the process - it meets you in
the perfect moment. Where you are and where it is intersects in the
most beautiful way. A snowman sits frozen down stream of int: time
to brew hot cocoa - var. weather - school
Children
you found
gave you,
your fi
the per
most
compli
who see
awaren
cou
fit to t
eithe
when sev
summ
mack
catharti
represe
blanke
glo
When
leas
burnin
complica
look like? I
visits and bluebird corpses split. Heap of trash ascending into the
ether of the oversized magnet, it's crane framed by the distant
mountains with fog both near and far. A cold hand flexes, it's stiff
joints barely able to keep it's last cigarette in it's grip. A Relic of a
place, a relic of a life. An assembalage of happenings resulting in a
happened. A plane flies overhead, it's jets whirl
as the flying bird
blends into
the expanding white
feelings.
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oise it
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r, or at
courage
evel. It's
look like? Junkyard
at does that

The world is an ongoing relationship, defined equally by what it is and what we believe it to be.

A child fits a square into the square and the pattern has filled itself. A puzzle is completed and we see what the picture was all along. Those were left for us.

One may peer into the chaos of history and find the same; outcomes to be analyzed and placed in line. One may find the source of the pattern and proudly proclaim "the history of all hitherto existing societies is!"

One may see the function of all relationships as the transfer of capital and from there find the worth of a life and its meaning.

The psychotic finds that each divot in the sidewalk, when viewed from the right time of day at the right angle, conveys an unparalleled beauty that must be the work of the divine.

All that differs is what we believe to be the source of the pattern: the world, or the individual.

Organic space creates empty patterns, but they are no more or less real than the examples above.

Organic space does not distinguish between how the world is and how it is experienced. By breaking from the patterns that surround it, it undeniably creates its own that exists at once in both dimensions. It is Shrödinger's art—if the pattern were to be real it would not be made up, and if it were to be made up it would not be real. As such, it is in a state of being both and neither, a state of mysticism.

he form of a temple rising from the ree-line is not a random occurrence nor was it sculpted that way, a painted smiley face splattered on the sidewalk was dropped accidentally and painted for your enjoyment.

Is that picture speaking to you or are you just hearing things?

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Abbigail Baldys
Annabelle Turner
Newt
Oscar Clark
Herman Andrew
Katherine M. Root
W.F. Snow Root
Tooth, Shoe, & Birch

ur name could b here!

MANDATORY QR CODE TO MEET KPI

(also if this qr is dead.. ashparet@pm.me to find me :))

uhh ya
join discord or w
ever w
r so u can join
soupbox 2 woaw..
and also!! if u
join u can be
like,, what if we
did thios concept
4 round 2 (4-2=2)

shoutout list of people who are just cool:
(but have zero zine affiliation)

Jarsch Spitz Dot Dev A Dog Alex Western Bill Doss Russell-Solomon Josh Sehnert (Farkey) ImNotSteveGuttenberg Jacob Baltz Sun Ra SiivaGunner Victora Chang Alice Oswald Throbbing Gristle Sohaoying Snowpoint Lounge Kava Kon Ryan Letourneau Kool Keith Lídice Silveira Caterina Santullo Sierra LaDuke Piero Piccioni Bob James Katherine Small Gallery Alexa Colly All Girls on Subways Kevin Barnes Dax J John Campbell Franz Kafka Downtown Daniel Evans Man Ray (the artist) Kaizen Game Works Billy Basso Yves Klein Gilles Deleuze Aljaž Škrlep Jeff Parker Chris M. L ISSBROKIE Big Joel Markus Metz Neem Clarence Carter Clarence Carter Clarence Carter Clarence Carter Clarence Carter ooh shit Clarence Carter Duck for Christmas Thao & The Getdown Staydown Dr.Jean 1345 Film Festival The Elephant 6 Collective Ollie Loko Barchana Ghostface Killah Killah Priest Billy Woods Yungmorpheus Robbie Basho John Fahey Guybrush Threepwood Dan Harmon Mort Garson Brian Eno David Axelrod J Dilla DJ Qbert Don Rickles Susumu Yokota Alan Moore Declaime Jacob Geller Justin Wong Pharoh Sanders Robert Drasnin Phife Dawg Chis Flemming Dave Van Ronk James Ferraro Stan Brakhage Palma Leth Laura Webber Lydia Lee Kelliot Yuvraj Bhatia Monelli(shoes) Jensen Kimmit(Roameyo)